

# UNCLE WIGGILY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND WOODIE'S NIBBLES.

By HOWARD E. GARIS.

As Uncle Wiggily was hopping along through the fields one morning, wishing that spring would hurry and get warmer, and as he was thinking of some adventure he might have, all of a sudden a voice called:

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! May I come with you?"

The bunny rabbit looked up and down, moving his pink, twinkling nose in a circle, but he saw no one.

"Oh, dear!" thought Mr. Longears. "This must be the Fuzzy Fox or the Wozzie Wolf hiding somewhere under a stone! He wants to come along with me so he can nibble my ears! Oh, dear!"

"May I come with you?" asked the voice again.

The bunny gentleman was just about to say "No" as bravely as he could, when there was a rustling in a bush nearby, and out of a hole which partly covered came Woodie Chuck, the groundhog boy.

"Oh, Woodie!" exclaimed the bunny gentleman. "I'm so glad it's you. Of course, you may come with me! I was afraid you were a Fox!"

"I'm nearly as hungry as a Fox, or the Wolf, either!" whistled Woodie, as he waddled farther from the burrow hole where he and his brother Waddie had spent the long, cold winter. "That's why I want to come along with you, Uncle Wiggily, because I'm so hungry! I want to do some nibbling!"

"Oh, dear me!" Nibbling!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he heard his paw over his ears. "That word always makes me so nervous!"

"Well, you don't need to be afraid!" laughed Woodie. "You know we woodchucks, or groundhogs, only eat clover, grass and sometimes the bark of trees. We never nibble ears. And now as spring has come, and the green things are beginning to grow, I came out of the burrow to see what I could find to nibble. That's why I want to walk along with you."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Uncle Wiggily, with a friendly twinkle of his pink nose. "Come along Woodie, and nibble as much as you please."

Together the woodchuck boy and the bunny gentleman went over the fields and through the woods. Here and there little bits of green grass were beginning to show, but there was not much. Uncle Wiggily, too, liked something fresh and green, and he and the groundhog boy nibbled all they could find.

Finally they came to a field in which were many big rocks. Woodie began searching around among the great stones for something good to nibble. At last he saw what he thought was a piece of cabbage leaf.

"Oh, here's something fine to nibble!" cried the groundhog boy. He took a few little nibbles, but, all of a sudden, a voice cried:

"Well, the very idea! You're eating my new bonnet!"

And from the other side of the rock came Aunt Lettie, the goat lady. She had a bonnet with green ribbons on it, and one edge of the ribbon, fluttering around the rock, looked so much like a cabbage leaf that it fooled Woodie.

"Oh, excuse me, Aunt Lettie," he said, letting go of the end of the goat lady's ribbon.

"All right," she answered with a smile, "only please don't do it again."

"It looked just like cabbage," said Woodie to Uncle Wiggily, as the two friends hopped on again.

seeking something to nibble. Then they came to a place where there were many old stumps. On top of one stump Woodie saw something brown.

"Oh, a fine bit of juicy bark," he thought, as he began to nibble it. But he no sooner had it in his teeth than a voice cried:

"Excuse me, that's my necktie!" and there was Mr. Whitewash, the polar bear gentleman. He had sat down to rest with his back to the stump, and as it was rather a warm day for a polar bear, Mr. Whitewash had opened his vest. The end of his necktie fluttered out and Woodie had begun to nibble it.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Whitewash, as he tucked his necktie away. "That was funny!"

Uncle Wiggily and Woodie went on a little farther until they came to a place where the ground was covered thickly with dried leaves. Sticking up in the middle of one pile was something red.

"Oh, it's a clover blossom for me to nibble!" cried Woodie, and he took a hard bite.

"Here! Ouch! Wow! That's my ear!" howled a voice, and out of the leaves sprang the red Fuzzy Fox. He had hidden there, with only his ear sticking out, hoping to catch Uncle Wiggily, but Woodie had seen the red ear, and, thinking it was clover, had nipped it hard.

"This is no place for me!" howled the Fox. "I don't want my ears nibbled. I want to do some nibbling myself!" And away he ran. So, after all, Woodie's nibbles saved the bunny. And then Mr. Longears took the groundhog boy to the hollow stump bungalow and gave him a carrot to nibble.

And if the sweet pickle doesn't turn sour when it falls into the vinegar jar instead of the molasses pitcher, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Waddie's fun. (Copyright, 1922.)

Uncle Wiggily and Peetie's good turn.

Uncle Wiggily was hopping along the road one morning, going to the store for Nurse Jane, his muskrat lady housekeeper. The bunny gentleman carried his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch, because he had a twinge of pain now and then. All of a sudden as he was skipping over a stone in his way, the crutch slipped and fell.

Before Uncle Wiggily could pick it up Johnnie Bushytail, one of the squirrel boys, scrambled along, picked up the crutch, handed it to Uncle Wiggily and hopped away again, chattering:

"I did mine! I did mine!"

"Did you what, Johnnie?" asked the bunny gentleman. Stop a moment and let me thank you."

"I can't! I'm in a hurry to get to the hollow stump school!" laughed the squirrel boy. "But I did mine all right."

"Did you what?" asked Uncle Wiggily, much puzzled.

"I did my good turn," explained Johnnie. "You see, all of us animal children are boy and girl scouts now. We must each do at least one good turn a day, and I did mine."

"I suppose you mean your one good turn for the day," chuckled Mr. Longears.

"Yes," said Johnnie. "But I'll do more good turns if I can. Do you want me to help you along the road?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Billie, and also thank you for bringing back my hat," said Uncle Wiggily. "I can get along very nicely since Johnnie picked up my crutch as his good turn."

Billie hurried off to school, and Uncle Wiggily was hopping slowly along when, all at once, he heard a fast running sound behind him.

"Dear me! I hope that isn't the Wozzie Wolf!" thought the bunny, and he looked for a place to hide. But he need not have been afraid, for it was only Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boy.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" barked Peetie, as he ran up. "Do you know a good turn I could do? Nearly all the other animal boys and girls have done some good turn today, and I can't find a thing to do! And we are going to have a chance in

when I picked up your rheumatism crutch."

"Indeed, that was a good turn and I thank you for it!" said Uncle Wiggily. And then, as Johnnie scrambled along to school, the bunny thought how fine it was of the boy and girl animals to try to be kind. All of a sudden there came a puff of wind, which blew the bunny's hat off his head.

"Whoa there! Come back, if you please!" cried Uncle Wiggily.

"I'll get it for you! Please let me get it!" cried Billie. Waddie, the goat boy, coming along just then, caught it on one of his horns, and very politely handed it back.

"There, I've done mine!" bleated Billie.

"I suppose you mean your one good turn for the day," chuckled Mr. Longears.

"Yes," said Billie. "But I'll do more good turns if I can. Do you want me to help you along the road?"

"Oh, no, thank you, Billie, and also thank you for bringing back my hat," said Uncle Wiggily. "I can get along very nicely since Johnnie picked up my crutch as his good turn."

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"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" barked Peetie, as he ran up. "Do you know a good turn I could do? Nearly all the other animal boys and girls have done some good turn today, and I can't find a thing to do! And we are going to have a chance in

school this morning to tell the lady mouse teacher what good things we did."

"And haven't you done any?" Uncle Wiggily wanted to know.

"No, not one!" sighed Peetie with a sigh. "I started to bring up some coal for my mother, but my brother Jackie got ahead of me. I started to pick up Lulu Wibblewobble's books that she dropped, but Neddie Stubtail, the bear, reached them first. Then I was going to help Aunt Lettie, the goat lady, across a slippery place, but Uncle Boosier, the woodchuck, helped her instead. I can't seem to do any good turn at all!"

"Well, don't worry, Peetie!" said Uncle Wiggily. "You walk along with me and perhaps you'll see something to do to earn your good marks."

"Oh, thank you!" barked Peetie. So he and Uncle Wiggily went along together, but no chance to do good turns seemed to come to the doggie boy. Of course Uncle Wiggily could have made believe slip, or drop his glasses, or lose his rheumatism crutch, and have let Peetie save him from falling, or pick up the things that fell, but that would not have been fair.

Uncle Wiggily was wondering and wondering how he could help Peetie do a good turn, and they were nearly at the hollow stump school when, all of a sudden, out from the bushes jumped the Fuzzy Fox.

"Now, I'm going to nibble Uncle Wiggily's ears!" howled the Fox.

"If you do that it would be a bad turn, and to stop you I must do a good turn!" barked Peetie. "There! Take that!"

The doggie boy swiftly threw his spelling book, just filled with very HARD words. The spelling book and some of the HARD words hit the Fox on the nose.

"Oh, wow! Oh, wow!" howled the

chap. "What do you call that?"

"I call it my good turn!" laughed Peetie, as he picked up his spelling book when the Fox ran away.

"Yes, it certainly was a good turn!" chuckled the bunny. "And I'll go in the school and tell the lady mouse teacher about it." And all the animal boys and girls, each one of whom had done a good turn, said Peetie was very brave as well as good.

So once again things happened for the best, and if the looking glass doesn't try to read the paper on the wall and fall asleep in the goldfish bowl, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the squirly ball.

THE STORY OF WADDIE'S FUN.

"Wait a minute! Uncle Wiggily! Wait a minute!" called a voice one morning, as the rabbit gentleman was hopping over the fields and heading toward the wood, where he hoped he might find an adventure.

"Ha! Yes! It's all right to wait a minute if that isn't the Fuzzy Fox or the Bad Bob Cat!" thought the rabbit gentleman, sort of looking around the corner of his pink, twinkling nose to see who had called him.

But it was all right. He need not have been the least bit afraid, for it was only Waddie! Chuck, the groundhog brother of Woodie, Waddie was coming along as fast as his little, short legs would carry him.

"Well, Waddie, what is it?" asked the bunny gentleman with a smile. "Are you coming with me to do some nibbling as your brother did yesterday? If you do I hope you nibble the ear of some bad chap who is trying to catch me."

"No, I am not going to do any nibbling," answered Waddie. "I just had my dinner, so I am not hungry."

(Continued on page 13.)



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Of vivid orange it is inset with white at the shoulders of both cape and dress. The trend of sports clothing is naturally toward simplicity, thus this arrangement of material is the only trimming used for the outfit.

The skirt is quite short, as only sports skirts dare be. There is a distinct difference between the length of sport clothes and those designed for ordinary town wear. The former may remain quite short, but the skirts of afternoon and evening dresses as well as tailored suits are longer.

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